

## [Harry Buffington Cody]

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Phipps, Woody FOLKSTUFF-RANGE LORE

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Tarrant Co., Dist. #7 [84?]

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Harry Buffington Cody (called Buffalo Cody by his friends because of his relationship with the genuine Buffalo Bill and his middle name, Buffington, 83, was born Sept. 20, 1854. 16 Mi. N. of Yankton, Terr. of Dakota. A tribe of Sioux Indians raided his father's farm, killing his parents. Red Cloud, chief of the tribe, took Cody to raise. Four Yrs later, Cody escaped the tribe. Being an orphan and not having any one to care for him, he became a rover, living on wild game, fish and fowl. He was employed as a cowboy by the Bedwicke Cattle Co. of [Breashitt?] Co., Ky., in 1869. He quit that Co. the next Yr and roamed again until he met a number of other rovers, who had decided to go to Texas. They entered Texas just N. of Gainsville, and Cody was employed as a trail driver by [Red?] Watson, trail boss of a herd of cattle going to Hays City, Kan. He was later employed on three other trail drives, and then bought two herds of his own and drove them to Kan. He was then employed in [1888?], on Buffalo Bill's Wild West Show until 1890, at which time he established a show of his own. He was again employed on Buffalo Bill's show in 1912, and was with it when it collapsed in Denver, Colo., in 1913. He has since been occupied in the show business, which he still follows. He now resides at the [Bluff?] Hotel in Ft. Worth, Texas. His story:

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"I guess these trappings [?] sport made you think I might have been a buckaroo once in my life. My little old goatee, mustache, cowboy boots, and 10 gallon Stetson does cause folks to think that, and I've been [making?] my living for years off this rig. Of course, I had to do a little fancy riding in the arenas over the country, with a little trick roping throwed in, but I learnt it all in a [har?] school. Yep. learnt it all in a hard school. Had to go for myself when most kids were still around their mother's apron strings. C 12 -2/[11?]/41 - Texas

Now I was born Sept. 20, [1854?], on my dad's farm which was located high onto 16 Mi. N. of Yankton, Territory of the Dakotas. The reason I had to go it on my own so early, was because a tribe 2 of Sioux Indians come through and killed my dad and mother, then raided the farm taking everything, including me. That was in '61, and the reason I know so much about it is because the chief of the tribe, Red Cloud, took me to raise. He told me that ordinarily they killed all the boys along with the men folks, but he took up with the kid he saw, and decided to raise me for a warrior.

"The bucks and squaws took me and taught me everything an Indians was supposed to know, including spearing fish, their ways of hunting, shooting bows and arrows, riding hosses bare backed, their ways of preparing grub, and all. In all, I was with the tribe from '61 'til '65, at which time I got away. Now, they treated me as well or better than they treated their own papooses but I'd lived a white life long enough to know that their way of living and eating wasn't the right way. Of course, they thought it was alright, because they'd been raised and taught just that way, but I had tasted better life, and something in me kept telling me I wasn't Indian and shouldn't be with Indians but with my own people. Just to prove that there wasn't a thing between us other then that, Red Cloud's grandson, [Two?] Eagles, who's in Hollywood now making pictures and is one of the best trick riders and ropers in the country, he and I are the best of friends and he has even fought for me not so long ago.

As I said, I was in the show business. [Well?], there was a faker on a little old carnival that showed in Cleveland, Ohio, here a couple of years ago, and he was claiming to be 'Buffalo

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Cody'. He had banners all painted and everything, and was getting away with it 'til Two Eagles and me walked on the lot. Two Eagles went right up on the [bally?]' and knocked the faker for [sloop?] of the [bally?]', and I went to cutting the banners down. The police 3 came and after listening to the faker tell them that I'd keep his banners cut down as long's he used my name, told him that the case was out of their hands and advised him to leave town before they got something on him. Which he done the very next day, but [!?] notice he's still at the game.

"The way I was able to leave the tribe was when a number of the best warriors were away on a raid in '65. I decided that right then was the time to make good, and away I went. Then I got away, I carried powder a-plenty and a Colts-Springfield six shooter. I lived off wild game and fowl and fish then 'til '69, when I was hired as a cowboy in [Ky?].

"Now, you might wonder about me living that away, but the truth of it is that there were just hundreds of men that did the same. Although, all I ever met were quite a bit older than me. You see, the streams then were full of fish, the air with fowls, and the whole country with game. So much so that game was thought of as almost a pest. Anybody that had a speck of get up in his make up could easy live in the open. All he had to do was make just a little money each year to buy his powder, and there were lots of places where a man could get lead for nothing but just using his head.

"In '89, I was roaming around in [Ky?]. and run out of powder. I went up to the Redwicke Ranch, owned by the Redwicke Land and [Cattle?] Co. of [Ky?]., and asked for something to do to make a little money. The ranch was located in Breashitt Co., which was pretty far from any sort of a town, and they were short of hands so they put me on as a cow puncher. I learned to brand, cut, and bust wild hosses while there, but I never learned how to get wages for my work. I always did think after that, that the foreman got my wages 4 for himself. I quit the next year and went to roving again, that being a job without much work attached to it.

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Not so long after I left the Redwicks, I met another rover that I liked, and him and me teamed up. A month or so later we met 10 or 12 other rovers, who were called 'Saddle Bums' because they wouldn't work but ate off other people's hospitality. In those days all the farms, ranches, and outposts kept open house for anybody that came along, and they insisted on feeding you. All except the cafes, and they were so cheap that in this day and time a cafe man couldn't stay in the business a day if he done what the old heads done in them days.

"These 'Saddle Bums', Texas Bud, who was my pal, and myself lit out for Texas. We came into Texas just N. of where Gainsville is now, and met a trail herd going N. to Hays City. [Red?] Watson, the trail boss, offered any of us a job that wanted to go along, and I was the only one out of the bunch that took him up. I think I must have been out of powder again to want to mess with cow critters again. Anyway, I hired to him for \$10.00 a month and my jerked beef. Jerky was dried beef, and was plentiful around any beef outfit. It was used as a sort of a fill in for chuck. Of course, the chuck wagon with this outfit had plenty of other chuck besides jerky, and I was glad to get away from doing all my own cooking.

"There were around 2,700 to 2,800 critters in [Red's?] herd, and the beef was from three ranches. Most of it was from the old Grimes Ranch in West Texas. The clean up and pay off for the Grimes people for they stayed out of the cattle business after that. The rest was from the 77 and the Half Moon outfits from below Waco. Red's men had drove the Grimes beef from the [?] Texas ranch, and had 5 met the other herd just S. of where I met it. They'd there bunched the two herds according to a previous arrangement, and Red had sent the other cow punchers on home, taking over himself from there on.

"About all the trail [drives?] had about the same trouble we had on that trip. Stampedes, high water, dry and wet weather, low grass, and so on. We had high water at both the Red River and the Canadian River. He had to wait two weeks at the Canadian before we'd

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chance forcing it, but once you crossed the Canadian, your troubles were almost over on account of country. Thereafter, you had to watch for Jayhawkers and Indians.

When we got into Hays City, Red found his buyer, bot the money and he and me hit back for Texas with the chuck wagon, leaving the rest of the trail drivers to [carouse?] their hard earned dough away. But me. I was the richest man in the world the day Red paid me my \$40.00 for four month's work. \$40.00, and I'd never had over 50¢ before at one time in my life. That's the main reason I stuck to Red like a leech. I didn't buy one thing with my riches. Not even a pistol, nor any powder.

"Well, really, the drive furnished our powder and lead anyway, so I just got what I wanted from the chuck wagon box, and I had a good six shooter. I took that from [?] Indians when I left them. It was a Colts-Springfield sixer. To lead it, I rolled my powder up in paper like you roll a cigarette today, and poked it down a cylinder hole. I filled five holes that away, then put my lead in over the powder. Now, the reason I only filled five was because I wanted to keep one chamber empty, fearing that I might have an accident. Many an old timer done that away, and good reason too. 6 "Red and me went on down below Waco, Texas, to the '77' spread, and he talked the ram rod into giving me [berth?] on the outfit. It was a big one, and it seemed like all the waddies on the outfit were as close mouthed as a deaf and dumb convention so I never did now all about the outfit. I do know that they paid good, though, because they paid me \$20.00 a month. And, every month. Not just when they made their minds up, but every month. That sure made a hit with me, and I still saved. My clothes I made from deerskin, just like the Indians [?] learnt me. I wore moccasins on my feet, and had a deerskin cap for my head. In fact, I was tighter'n a loan shark in them days

"The next Spring, it was the Spring of '72, a big herd of sale beef was cut out of the roundup, and readied for the trail. To ready a herd for the trail, you road brand all the critters with and extra mark, like a six or a seven after or before the other brand. About the safe number of men were fingered for the drive as had been with the one I worked with the

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year before, and Red Watson was again made the trail boss. Bud Cleveland was in charge of the [?], and a [Chinec?] cooky was in charge of the chuck wagon.

"We started the herd N., and met the same troubles as we had before, just as I said all trail drives met. There wasn't but one difference, and that was this time I was going N. at \$35.00 a month because I'd been over the trail before, and Red Watson was the only other man in the outfit that had ever been up the trail.

"This time, we were five months getting into Hays City. As soon's Red got the beef handled, he and me again hit S. but most of these waddies went back without [tooting?] it up much. The few that stayed, really intended to have a good time. We worked 7 our way back to the '77', where Red and me left the other men and went over to the Half Moon. The [?] been a change in ram rods on the '77', and Jeff Hightower, the one that hired me on account of what Red told him, had lost out. He wasn't even around anywhere, and Red decided that something wrong had happened, so we left. Not that we were afraid of anything. Not that a-tall, but we just didn't like the looks of the new ram rod and we high tailed it over to the Half Moon where we thought we'd maybe like it better. On the way over, Red told me that he'd never liked the '77' anyway, because they were so close mouthed.

"When we reached the Half Moon, Red was offered a berth as an ordinary cow poke, owing to their having a foreman and a straw boss already, but Red decided not to work, but to just hang around for a spell. They hired me at \$20.00 a month and my chuck, but when I drew my first pay roll, I lit out for farther S.W.

"I rolled along, not very fast but just [ambling?]. About six weeks later, I lit on the Briscoe spread just below Uvalde. The Briscoes ran around 1,000 head on their 'AB Connected spread,' made like this: AB, and around 200 head of wild hosses. They hired me at \$30.00 a month and chuck to bust in their wild hoss stock. Now, while I could really top them off right, I counted the consequences and realized that it was really worth a \$100.00 a month

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and chuck because of the danger in busting wild hosses. Why, anything can happen to you in that business. When I took the job, I told them I'd keep just twice as many hosses busted as they needed for work on the ranch, and that was agreed on.

"The catch to that was, that they didn't need but about eight fresh hosses a year to work that spread, so I busted 40 to 8 the year on the average. I mean by that, that the average I set while working there would have produced 40 a year. And, that's many a hoss to bust but a feller that had it in him like I had it in me, didn't consider that too many. In fact, that was pretty close to just working half time. I really didn't work there but four months, busting 14 head and training six of them to cut and peg right. I liked that job, the way I had it, because I'd liked to work with hosses all my life, and there I trained them to work. All the world loves a good hoss, and when I turned them hosses over to the Briscoes, they were Good hosses. They'd cut with the best anywhere.

"As far's that's concerned, I had a right able piece of hoss flesh under me myself when the Briscoes hired me. Caught him while meandering through the Territory, and trained him myself. Called him Buck after Bud Cleveland's brother for helping me catch him. He was the stallion for a wild bunch between the Canadian and the Red, and it would about have been impossible for one man to share him for he was wily for sure. He was [oagy?] a-plenty for just one hoss.

"And, there's a good illustration of the difference from yesteryear's way of busting hosses and today's. The boys now have big strong corrals with snubbing posts in the center, and from two to five helpers. Buck and me just went after that stallion and chased him up a draw. While he could outrun twice as good a hoss the drive had in the [cavvy?], he couldn't jump the dead end of that draw, and when he come driving past Buck and me, we both lassoed him and kept our ropes tight for half an hour, with him right in the middle. He rared, fought, and snorted for the longest before 9 he quited down, but when he did, he wasn't whipped. Not by a long shot was that boy whipped. He'd been caught before and outwitted his catchers so he was just waiting his time. I tied my rope to a mesquite tree

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that happened to be handy, even though it was closer to my hoss than I liked it. When I took my pistol and carefully aimed it so's I'd stun him. When he fell, Buck and me slapped my [hull?] on him, getting it tight just as he come to and started raring up. As he come up, I was in the saddle and told Buck to 'Let her go!'

"When he 'Let her go,' that hoss took me all over creation with a little cloud and dirt throwed in for good measure. I reckon he pitched over 500 yards as hard as he could go. When he saw I was still with him, he tried to run out from under me. That was right up my alley because I knowed when he run down, he'd be my hoss. While running, he went through some heavily timbered spots and tried to scrape me off. I still stuck, though, and he finally give up the fight. He was a mad one, though, when he give up. [Squalled?] like a panther: He gave me another break when he run, because he ran right towards the drive with me trying to stem him some other way to keep from stampeding the herd, but he wouldn't stem. He just run down right near the herd, and I rode him on up to the [cavvy?].

He was a good boy as long's he was in the [cavvy?], and the next morning when I roped him to lead him off, he didn't scare off so bad but when I got him about half a mile away, and Buck helped me to slap my hull on him again, he didn't like it, and gave a bigger show than he did the first time I rode him. Bucked all over the place 'til the blood ran from my nose and both my legs were plum raw from having the skin scraped off, trying to hold on. 10 He was my hoss from that second ride on, and only one other person ever rode 'til he broke his leg in a prairie dog hole in Montana, where I shot him. That other person was Buffalo Bill himself, a cousin of mine. If my memory serves me right, he died the year of '82. [?] hose well ripened by the years. He had part Mustang, Spanish, and Steeldust blood in him. sort of a mixture, and I believe he must have took only the best from the other breeds.

"Back to the Briscoe spread, now. Well, some way or other, I reckon I didn't get introduced right to the job or something. I don't know, but I do know I led an awful lonesome life there. Didn't seem like the other waddies interested me a-tall. None or them had been up the



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trail, busted a wild one, nor done the things I had, and we didn't mix well, so when signs of Spring got around, as it does in that part of the country before it does in some other parts, I went back up towards the 'Half Moons spread.

“You can well imagine my glad feelings when old Red was still there, and had took a job as a cow puncher with the promise that he'd have the trail bossing job come the next trail drive. He was there, and some way or other, all the fellers that were tops on the trail and had worked with Red before, had sort of rounded themselves up there on the Half Moon, and the beef roundup was just getting under way when I come in. Red said I completed the bunch, and no doubt but that this would be the very best drive he'd ever been up with. Not only that, but the ram rod over the '77' had shown that he wasn't half as mean as he looked, and him and Red were on good terms.

“Now, there were some small ranchers around that part of the country, but they didn't run much stuff so they didn't have so 11 many men to represent them in the drive. By far and large, the riders come from either the '77' or the 'Half Moon' spreads. Now, I don't recollect just how long this roundup lasted, but they usually laster from one month to six weeks, according to how many stampedes and other trouble was met with in the rounding up. The sale beef was cut out after everything was branded, and around 3,000 head were set aside. The reason for so many being because all the men going on the drive had already been up and they felt sure the drive would get through fine.

“On account of the stock not being in as good a condition as it should have been, Red and the big wigs got together and decided to send the stock up the Baxter Springs trail. After the herd got under way, they found that the trail had been used a number or times already by other herds, which at this time were going up the trail two, three, and four a week, and sometimes one every day, Red decided on a daring move. He decided to take the Western trail that led by Fort Griffin and on up that away.

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"Of course, all the meandering around cost a little time but the stock made on it as we found grazing that hadn't been touched. Now, If I could recall it all, I could give you a wonderful history about this cross country trip. bout all I can give you though, that'd be of any help, was the crossing at the fort was up so high we couldn't cross, and we backed three herds up as they came on in behind us, before the water went down enough for us to make it.

"We finally made the-crossing, then on up through the Terr. to near Four Cross, Montana, where we grazed the beef one month, then drove into Abilene, Kans. All this time, we gambled when we 12 weren't working or doing something else, and I'd got the gambling fever in my blood. I wanted to win me some money, and I knowed that right then was the time to do it because after the trail herds quit [coming?] in 'til the next year, [Hays?] City'd go back down to its regular 2,500 people. During the season of the year when the trail drives hit [Hays?] City, there'd be from 12,000 to 1,5000 people in town, a large majority being Jayhawkers, con' men, loose twists, and every other imaginable thing to get the waddy's money.

"I had a little over \$900.00, and I wanted to invest it in some kind of a game and run it way up. After lookign around and sweating all the games going on, and there was a many a one, I decided on roulette. I'll never forget how lucky I got in that old Peacock Saloon and Bar. It was a regular palace, with all its mirrors and so on, its women that were dressed in velvet what part the dress covered they were, and everything else. There was even a 40 foot bar, of wich I've seen them longer and bigger bigger since that was a monster for them days. Men going around in shabby clothes as I was, and some of them carrying fortunes with them. No telling what percentage of this money found its way into the crooked hands that were there, but I'll guarantee you that a bigger percentage then most people think must have gone there.

"So I decided on roulette. [?] bigger honest to God sucker game than roulette never was but I thought I could make on it. I didn't even have a combination, nor a set of lucky

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numbers. I just hopped around over the board, here and there, and nearly every time I hopped, I won. I sure got a lot of hard looks too, because some of the men in the crowd followed my bets, and put their own with mine. That away, when I won, they won. After sticking with 13 them dirty crooks for two solid days, leaving only for a few minutes [at?] a time, I walked out of that big old Peacock with 5,000.00 to the good. I didn't leave, though 'til the marshall told me he'd take care of me and I'd better leave while I was so far ahead. My luck had attracted most everybody in town, and I reckon they done a lot of extra business just on the [strength?] of what I was doing, but they didn't [want?] me to get out of there with all that dinero.

"Now, Just a marshall didn't mean a thing to that kind of people, but [Wild?] Bill Hitchcock did, and he was the marshall, being appointed to keep order there by General Sherridan, who ran the military post there. He took my money and gave me a reciept for it, to [ling?] me that any time I got ready to leave, I could have it. He also let work get around that anything that happened to me, happened to his friend and he wouldn't like It.

"He sure was one more real man. You know these Jayhawkers'd rustle cattle in the Terr. and bring them into town with bills of sale, then sell them just like any other beef drive did. The buyers didn't much care who they bought their beef from, just so long's they were able to handle the order and get their rake off. [Well?], a bunch of Jayhawkers came into town and started into [whoopin?] it up after getting their money for a herd. They just about shoot up the town before wild Bill found out about it, and when he did, he stopped it sort of sudden. He just rode into their midst and started shooting right and left 'til the rest of them cleared out. [nd?], nobody's ever heard of another one of that particular band, which had been pretty tough til they ran up against old Wild Bill. He used to bet people that he could tos an eagle up into the air and shoot the side they called after he'd tossed it. [and?] what's more he could, but there was a trick to it.

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You see, he'd practiced a slow toss, where the eagle, a 20.00 gold piece, would turn over slow. When when the better named the side he wanted the eagle slugged on, he'd figure it and hit it every time. You know, the other man always has a trick to his trade, and the sooner you catch on to it, the sooner you go to saving yourself trouble.

“And then too, since Wild Bill died an old man with a slug in the back of his head, that speaks for his speed with a gun, too.

“[When?] I'd got tired of Hays City, I got my boodle and stated back South again to Texas, where I'd had so much good luck. I passed the 77 and Half moon outfits up, and kept going right on down into the Rio Grande Valley. What I had in mind, was buying up a herd of my own, and driving it up to Hays City. to sell. I started into buying, and all the way N. to the Brazos, I paid from \$4.00 a head to \$7.00 a head. My last dollar I spent on Half Moon stock, and put it right into my herd.

I had plenty rations in my chuck outfit, which was carried by some half busted burros I'd bought from some [Mexicans?] on the border, and plenty shell powder and lead. Everything was on the up and up, and I had a few over 25 cow punchers hired that savvied the cow driving business. I sure felt good about that drive, and well I might because it was to be a success. [We?] drove that herd right into [Hays?] City without any extraordinary hitches, and without losing over 30 head along the way.

“The spring of [?] found me back in the Rio Grande and buying up more stock. This time I reckon I bought up almost 3,000 head before I got to the Brazos, where I crossed about 12 or 14 miles east of where Waco is now. The same crossing I used before.

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We followed pretty much the same trail as Red and me followed the first time N. This time, though, I got into a jam. There was a [gang?] of [Jayhawkers?] operating in the country I was to pass through, and I never learnt it 'til I was right in there. Somewhere about the

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middle of the Terr., and quite a ways [N?]. of the Canadian I'd say, about four days past the Canadian was where they struck me.

"It was one dark rainy night, and I had most of the hands out riding night herd. The cooky hollered out, 'Coffee Leady,' and most of the boys went after it because we needed some thing hot. Well, sir. Them blamed Jayhawkers struck right then, causing the whole herd to stampede some way or other. How, I never learnt but it cost me one of the men. The herd was on him before he knowed it, and when his hoss stumbled in its fight to get away, they were both smashed right into the mud. It was an awful sight, but was good for me because the boys all wanted to take the outfit and get even.

"Since it was so dark, all we could do was to mill the herd. When daylight came, we found that they'd kept about 400 head a-going when the rest of the herd began to get tired. Must have got them critters on just before one of my boys got on point to where he could mill the rest. Anyway, the roundup and tally showed there was 400 missing.

"We struck the trail then, leaving only five to work the herd. My orders to them was to drive East and get away from the trail We'd been following. The boys with me and myself lost the trail when it got into the bad lands.

"All this hard luck made me feel pretty bad, but the boys 16 still wanted to get even, which was just what I wanted too, only I wanted my beef back. We all went back to the herd, found a protected valley and settled down. I picked out half a dozen of the crustiest men in the bunch, then went back to where we'd lost the trail.

"After a little over three day's prospecting around, we picked up a trail leading in from another direction. We followed it, and it led to a place sort of like the valley my beef was in. Just one entrance to a sort of a valley, and when we got a look into that valley, there was at least 500, head of choice beef grazing in there.

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"Just because a herd of beef was grazing in there didn't prove that rustlers were using the place as a base of operations but we thought so because there were seven or eight different brands in the herd we could pick out. I thought the situation over, and the boys and me decided that we'd wait 'til we saw these fellers driving in some more beef before we judged them.

"We stuck around and watched the place but we never did see anybody drive in beef. We heard stock on the move through the night several times, and the next day the herd would be bigger, with another strange brand in it, though. After we had stuck around for 10 days or two weeks, we decided the time was hot to get our stock back and get our revenge.

"Now, these Jayhawkers raided every herd they thought they could cut some out of, and as a rule, when they raided a herd, the trail boss knowed what kind of a pocket he was in so he'd just drive on and forget the loss. Just charge it up as a loss of beef while going through the Terr. Well, what could they do? Every time they decided to take it up and get their beef back, by the time 17 they trailed their critters down, the Jayhawkers'd have a bill of sale for the stuff and enough hard gunmen around 'til it'd be suicide for the drivers to fight. This time, though, they had my stuff and when I met a prairie fire, I fixed the grass right back and fought fire with fire, so I decided to cut out enough stuff out of their herd to make up for my loss.

"We had already made two or three trips back to our camp, so when the right time came to strike, we struck with all but three of our men in the bunch workin. A little rain'd been falling, and the Jayhawkers'd rounded the stuff all up into a compact herd, but they waited it looked to me like they might have been waiting on another cut from some herd going through, or, waiting for some of the men to get in.

"Anyway, my men and men got around on the far side of the valley opening, leaving only four men to point the herd in case they started in a wrong way, and started firing our pistols. In fact, the first four or live shots dropped two or the Jayhawkers, which sort of

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evened that score. The herd started on the stampede, and in three or four minutes were running their heads off for they knew not where. They were just running. We were flanked by some of the Jayhawkers, but some way or other, they were afraid that maybe we were stronger than they thought, and they were a little leary of closing with us. Instead, they just shot, and mighty nigh every shot they aimed at us hit a beef and down it went. Not one of the boys were even as much as nicked by the time we left the valley, and we pulled the same trick by them they pulled on us. Then the bunch began to get fagged out, we kept around 1,000 head on the move. We had to prod them plenty to keep them moving, 18 but that we were ready and primed to do.

"We kept the herd moving until 'way after daylight. When finally we stopped to let them rest, around 400 had strayed and were lost. Of course, in the night like we were, it was easy for such a thing as that to happen without us seeing it. Some of the stock that we lost had been left on purpose because it was winded and couldn't go any farther, and we wanted distance. By noon the next day, we had the stuff in our little valley, and by noon the next day, we had everything branded to suit the occasion and were fixing to make a move the next morning.

"Come daylight and we were on the move. [Where?] other drivers tried for 10 miles a day, I tried for about eight so's to let the stuff graze where and when ever possible for good grazing. We didn't have any water trouble, or any other-kind of trouble 'til we struck the out skirts of the Hays City corrals. They built corrals 'specially for wild cattle, with long wings reaching out into the prairie. Reason for that was because if you had a bit of a stampede, and managed to mill the herd by one of the wings, you could cut out a few head at a time and send them down these wings.

"My trouble was, though, that about 12 two-gunmen rode out to-the herd to look it over. The men I had with me were not pansies, by any means, and they knowed without me telling them, that these fellers might be the Jayhawkers trying to take their beef back. My men closed in around these fellers, and all had a rifle across their saddle, and pointing

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right at one of them ornery rascal's middle, or, had his six shooter out and wiping it off. The leader of the herd asked for the trail boss, and since I was right there, I spoke up. He said, 'I've some kinfolks down 19 in Texas and I was just trying to see if this stuff here belonged to them.'

"I said, 'You mean that I might have a few boys here who'd toss a wet rope?'

"His face got red, then white before he spoke, and then too, he looked around at the men a little before he did any anything. Finally though, he said, 'No, I thought you fellers here might have handled their stiff for them.' then he wheeled his hoss around, nodded at the men he brought with him, and they rode off into Hays City. That sure suited us fine because trouble was the last thing we were looking for, even though the men'd proved they could handle most anything came their way.

"I looked up one of the Evans Commission men out of St. Louis, and he agreed to take my stuff from me. When I got my money and went to pay the men off, I had hafl a dozen extra eagles in their pay sacks. Each man got their pay in little old sacks I got in a place there in Hays City.

"Then, just to show you what men of their caliber'd do when they liked a man, they put me on Buck, tied by feet there, then took me into town and paid around \$10.00 for me a new outfit of clothes. Why, I looked like a clothes hoss when I come out of that men's clothing emporium. Now, clothes that stood a man that much money in that day and time'd stand a man \$500.00 today, I reckon. Anyway, I bid them all goodbye and told them I was through with the trail driving for ever. They all separated and went thrie ways. I've since seen at least half of them in different places, and one, Rowdy Luckett, is a cattle commission man in Chicago now. Of course, he's a little older a man than I am right now, and his 20 two boys are really taking the leading part, but Rowdy built the business himself. I was through there in '36, and he told me that his boys handled over a million dollars worth of beef just



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the year before, and that was a tough year. The same as several more have been just before and after.

“Now, what I ought to have done when I was so well heeled, was to have come back to Texas with that gang of cow punchers and bought me a nice little spread some where. Instead, I lived the life of Riley and sloughed my money off like it was water. I did win a little now and then, but not enough to amount to anything.

“The next thing I done was to join Buffalo Bill's Wild West Show in '88. As I said, Buffalo Bill was a cousin of mine. He'd figured it hisself in a saloon in Omaha back in the days when I done so much roaming around. Him and Doc Carver were together, and they were talking about a show right then. And I reckon, that was around '67 or '68 when I met him the first time.

“I joined his show as a fancy rider, and stayed with it 'til the last of '90, when I lit out for myself. Just about the time when I'd be on the up with my show, I'd hit the skids and get back down. That was the reason I never did have much of a show. That is, much stuff. I had a good show, and everybody like it. It wasn't a bit of trouble for me to book a town. The trouble came in the weather and bad breaks such as showmen know about.

“The last of my show broke up in '11, and I joined the big show again. By this time, it was Buffalo Bill's Wild West and Pawnee Bill's Far East Shows. I was with the show when it collapsed in Colorado in '13. Since then, I've been with first one, then another show. They use my name now but I still ride the tame ones.

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I don't mean by that remark about the tame ones that they really use me for a sort of an idol or something. I don't mean that a-tall.

“Yousee, I've covered a lot of country in my time, and, I've learnt a lot of things. In some of my roaming around, I went with a show to the Argentine where I played for several

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seasons straight. There's another thing I learnt too, and that is that the Argentine cow punchers are a better bunch then the American. On the average, of course. Those Argentine Cow punchers can ride and rope circles around some of the american show stuff. Its a wonder to me some body don't bring a few of them up to the states because they'd sure put on a show.

"They taught me how to throw the whip while I was there, and I can flick ashes off a cigarette, an inch away from a person's lips. I can do that and the person'll not feel anything but the wind of the whip. They also taught me to throw battle axes, and I can do an impalement that's a honey.

"The Indians taught me to handle a knife. The tribe I was with, Red Cloud's I mean, happened to be about the best anywhere when it come to using the knives. You know, that's the way Chief Yellow Sand lost out. He had a bunch of Indians with him (He was the chief that succeeded Chief Red Cloud) and met Buffalo Bill when he was a scout, and Buffalo Bill had a bunch of soldiers with him. To keep from having a lot of blood shed, they decided to fight it out with knives, and Buffalo Bill won. Of course, he must have won because it was a fight to the death, and that was when Buffalo Bill was a young man.

"Couple all that with my knowledge of snakes, other wild animals and my riding and I'm not deadwood to any show, am I?

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Now, there's scads of details on them drives I mentioned that [?] me a week or so and I could think them up, but right now, [I?] can't for the life of me give them to you. There's a lot of other water [?] went under the bridge you'd be interested in but right now I can't even think of them. I've seen a number of killings. Some of them clod blooded, and just for the amusement of seeing some poor feller kick, but I can't bring them to mind. Its sort of like the feller said, 'I'm getting a helluva poor memory but a swell forgetter.'

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"There's just one other thing right now, and that's why I'm called 'Buffalo Cody.' [My?] name's [Harry?] Buffington Cody, and my friends called be buffalo from the [middle?] name and because I'm a cousin to the real Buffalo Bill. I never shot a buffalo in my life, but I've been in parties that shot one for food. The buffalo's meat never was any great shakes, and I'd take a T bone in its place any time, but when you're hungry, a big old buffalo steak goes right well. When I was still real young and running around, there was so much buffalo around that they were a menace and a pest. What done away with them was when the Government decided the only way to keep the Indian on his home range was to kill off the buffalo.

"Now, there's another point to be considered. The Indian was a great game conservationist, or what ever you call them. They believed there'd be another day when they'd want to eat, and, they just didn't go out killing off every thing that moved just for the fun of seeing it drop and kick. You look that up and see if I'm not right on that. They were the very first, and way ahead of the men in the business today when it came to saving wild game.